like one of your girls

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like one of your girls

by creamsicle_melt

Summary

Rozanov posts on Instagram a lot. Not on his feed, but his stories.

Every time he lands in a city, he posts a story. Usually it's just back of his seat, or sometimes the view out the window—on the tarmac, never anything exciting, one of just many cities their lives are broken up into—and a location tag. Low effort.

It's pretty obvious what it is. Guys laugh about it, call it Rozanov's Fuck Signal. The easiest way to get the hot girls who follow him to slide into his DMs.

Easy pussy.

Notes

Okay so I started this because currently I'm in the middle of a longer fic that's a little heavier and I wanted to bang out something quick and easy because I need validation and this idea wasn't leaving my mind. Anyways…you can see what the word count ended up being lmao.

Some warnings:

- There's some very hockey player thoughts about women in Shane's internal thoughts at some points. By that I mean misogynistic lmao. He has some pretty shitty internalized thoughts about sex that he projects onto women which crosses over into slut-shaming.
- Shane uses some loaded language about STDs at one point. Words like "clean" which this author personally doesn't believe in the rhetoric of. But again, Shane is a product of his…plethora of Issues (™)
- Some homophobic slurs are said, both by other characters as an insult about people and also in the context of sex. Spoilers for this:Shane asks to be called homophobic slurs while they have rough sex and Ilya refuses.
- The sex is rough, folks & Shane's inner voice isn't exactly like…normal and healthy, lol. Some stuff that either

happens/is talked about but is too minor for me to tag, imo:

- Ilya slaps Shane relatively hard.
- Ilya misunderstands Shane and thinks he has a breeding kink so he talks about getting Shane pregnant, etc.
- Ilya calls Shane's chest tits.
- A threat/moment where Ilya is talking about fucking Shane underprepped and dry. Both are very into it.
- Ilya talks about fisting Shane.

This is unedited because like I said, it was supposed to be quick and easy. So any mistakes are mine.

With all that out of the way, enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Rozanov posts on Instagram a lot. Not on his feed, but his stories.

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Easy pussy.

Shane wonders if it's considered easier pussy if all it takes is an unspoken arrangement and a text with a time and address.

Toronto, ON.

Just a few hours away from Shane. In two days Shane will be on his hands and knees for him.

Rozanov wants Shane on his back. So they fuck like that, looking into each other's eyes while Ilya kisses him.

Did you fuck your Toronto hookup like this? Shane doesn't ask.

Shane isn't stupid about what Rozanov gets up to in his free time.

He fucks. He fucks a lot. Fucks more girls than Shane can imagine, probably.

He's heard stories. Three girls a night. Other player's sisters. Reporters. Ice girls with no fraternization policies baked into their contract. And there's others, Shane knows. Those that people don't talk about, that they can't know about. Guys. Two twinks fighting over his dick, maybe.

Shane sleeps alone every night.

Even the nights he spends with Rozanov end with him alone.

Rozanov speaks Russian to him sometimes. Or, well, he speaks *in* Russian when they're together. Usually when they're fucking.

Shane has no idea what he's saying. If it's nice things or mean ones. If he's calling Shane a good boy or a whore.

Shane loves it because he loves the sound of Ilya's voice, the way it wraps around unfamiliar syllables. He hates it because he hates not knowing, of feeling that last bit of separation from Ilya while he lets Ilya inside him.

Once, Shane tries speaking French while Rozanov's inside him. Needy and whorish and too honest when he says:

I think I was made to have your cock in me.

and

I wish I was your favourite toy and you could put me away somewhere dark and hidden and safe and only take me out when you wanted me.

Rozanov stops moving and stares at him.

"What does that mean?" he demands to know.

"No," Shane says, automatically. Those are his words, his sentences, his truths to keep.

They belong to him.

But Rozanov doesn't think so. Rozanov takes everything Shane has to offer—and that's the problem, isn't it? Shane *offers* Rozanov everything.

This one thing, just this, he tries to hold back and in response, Rozanov stops fucking him. Takes his cock away and stuffs Shane full of his fingers instead.

"Tell me," Rozanov demands. He drives Shane to the edge and then pulls him right back. He does it over and over and over until Shane's crying.

But Shane doesn't give in. Not until Rozanov tells him, "I will get up and leave, Hollander. I will leave you empty and crying." And no. *No.*

Shane only feels right, only feels like he's whole when he's got Rozanov inside him.

He can stand the emptiness in the months they go without touching because he has his own system to cope, to tide himself over. It requires discipline and results in rewards. He studies their schedule, figures out exactly when they can see each other. In his mental calendar, those are the days he has marked for feeling *right* again.

He relies on this night and the few others he gets to fill him back up. He can't let Rozanov leave tonight without that, without making Shane whole.

So he sobs, and he confesses. He translates, "I said, 'I want to be your sex toy so you could put me away and only take out when you wanted to fuck me.'"

He says it through tears that he's grateful for, because they make it so he can't see Rozanov's face. This way, he only has to feel the slight stutter in Rozanov's breath, the twitch of his fingers.

"Just my toy?" Rozanov coos, his cock pushing into Shane. "Not my *favourite* toy?"

Yes, Shane doesn't say. *How do you know that? How can you always tell the things I don't want you to know? Why can't you let me hide from how needy I am? Why can't you let me have my dignity?*

Rozanov fucks him, and he fucks him and he fucks him. Stops long enough to fold Shane up, put his knees by his ears and he fucks him some more.

"You said more," Rozanov tells him, after Shane finishes but before he does. He's overstimulated and getting fucked hurts; Shane thinks he might be fucked up enough to like that even more than cumming. "Tell me what those words mean," Rozanov demands.

And Shane shouldn't. He shouldn't. But he does: "I said I think I was made to take your cock," Shane recites.

Rozanov cums.

Afterwards, Shane wonders which one was more damning. Which one he should have held back from saying at all and which he should have said first but tried to get away with lying about.

It doesn't matter. He told Rozanov both anyway.

Rozanov kisses Shane at the door before Shane lets him out. He says something in Russian. Shane doesn't bother to ask him to translate. He knows Rozanov won't.

Denver, CO

It's the blurry back of a plane seat now. The screen of the entertainment system is dark. Ilya's reflection is faint, but Shane stares at it long enough for him to be able to make out the handsome slopes of Ilya's face.

"You must hate that rat fuck huh?" Harrison asks. The bar they're at is playing highlights from the latest Boston game. On screen, Rozanov scores his fourth goal. He cups his hand over his ear, taunts the crowd who rains down boos at him.

Dick trick, they call it.

"Fucking showy faggot," Stenberg, says. He's a big, heavy Swede, a brute of a defenseman. His English isn't great, but he knows that word.

Shane's had a rough month. He and Rozanov had been neck-to-neck in the MVP race this year again. But then he'd been out two weeks to start the month with an injury he couldn't play through. He's playing again now but he's still trying to recover from his injury and it reflects in his on-ice performance. Together, those two things have taken Shane out of contention for the Hart.

He wonders if he'll even be nominated for any of the awards this year, if he'll have a reason to make it to the ceremony in Arizona so that he can find a few hours, just a portion of one night if that's all they can afford, for Rozanov to fuck him

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"Call me that," Shane says in Rozanov's ear. He's got his hand on Rozanov's cock, light, grazing touches that he knows Rozanov won't let him get away with for long.

“What?” Rozanov asks against Shane’s throat, where he’s carefully not leaving marks behind.

“You know,” Shane says.

“I do not, actually,” Rozanov says. His eyes are bright, shining in the light. Amusement is one of the only emotions he wears on his sleeve. Today, it’s written all over his face.

Shane sticks his face against Rozanov’s neck.

“A faggot,” he mumbles.

Rozanov freezes. “What?” he asks. His hands are in Shane’s hair, pulling his head away so that he can look at Shane’s face, try to force eye contact.

He doesn’t look amused any more.

“Call me a faggot when you fuck me,” Shane says, looking at Rozanov’s mouth so he doesn’t have to look into eyes. “Call me a dirty cocksucker. Please.”

“No,” Rozanov says. It’s the first time he’s refused Shane anything sexually.

“Please,” Shane begs. He feels like crying, all of a sudden. He feels like if he doesn’t get this, something terrible will happen. He’ll burst into flames, maybe.

(Wikipedia says: Spontaneous human combustion (SHC) is the pseudoscientific concept of the spontaneous combustion of a living (or recently deceased) human body without an apparent external source of—)

Rozanov slaps him across the face. It hurts. Rozanov does it again, even harder, and then one more time.

Shane moans, his cock leaks all over him.

Rozanov fucks Shane while he’s on his elbows and knees. Sticks his fingers in Shane’s mouth and pulls back. He doesn’t let Shane hide for even a second as he degrades Shane with his actions and praises him with his words. Calls him a good slut, calls him a good boy, tells him he has the tightest hole Rozanov’s ever been in.

“Is everything okay?” Rozanov asks, afterwards. They’ve been lying in

this bed too long now.

The sweat has dried and Shane has to go now. He has to go.

“Yeah,” Shane tells him, getting up. “I have to go.”

St. Louis, MO.

This time, it’s a view out the tiny airplane window. It’s light out, but a little grey. Shane checks and sees that the forecast says that they’re expecting rain.

“Uh, for me?” Shane asks, staring down at the tube Ilya’s handed over to him. Shane might not sleep with a lot of women, but even he knows what a lipstick tube looks like.

“Yes,” Rozanov says, his arms behind his head in a purposefully lazy pose. It’s not a coincidence that it makes his arms look great. Or that the sweatpants he’s wearing show a clear, almost obscene imprint of his dick.

“Are you making fun of me?” Shane’s heart is pounding in his chest. His stomach is twisting. He wants to turn around and walk out. He wants to fall to his knees and crawl over.

Rozanov sits up a little straighter. The practiced, purposely casual smirk is still on his face but he’s leaning in now, making himself softer.

“No,” he says, very clearly. Sometimes, he answers Shane’s questions like he thinks Shane’s the most fascinating creature alive for even asking. But he always answers. “I saw that and thought of your mouth and then thought of fucking it while you have it on.”

“Why?”

This time, Ilya snorts. “Is hot,” he answers. “You are hot.”

Like it’s that simple.

Maybe it is.

The lipstick is pink. Not too bright or lurid. It almost looks like the

natural colour of Shane's lips but a bit pinker. Prettier, maybe. He doesn't mind it as much as he thought he would, but there's still an undercurrent of *wrong*, of this being perverse.

It's worth it, for how out of control Ilya gets, how worked up. He leaves bruises.

By the end, the pink is over not just Shane's face but all over Ilya's too.

Afterwards, when Ilya wipes him down with a towel, he grabs a separate one to gently clean Shane's face too. Does that first before anything. Shane's glad; he didn't like the way it had felt all over his face, once he could feel his face again.

"Thank you for doing that," Ilya says, keeping his eyes on Shane's chest.

"Yeah," Shane says. His voice doesn't crack and he doesn't slip up and call Ilya by his name despite the fact that his brain has decided that Rozanov is now sometimes Ilya and not just Rozanov

He's proud.

Edmonton, AB.

Ilya doesn't even try. It's a blur of a picture. Bland airplane carpet.

Shane laughs out loud at it. It's almost insulting, the lack of effort.

Then he wonders if he'd text, if he was one of Rozanov's girls, and hates the answer he finds.

"...Is this for me again?" Shane asks, staring at the silicone ring in Ilya's hand.

"No," Ilya says. He looks really good today, but Shane's starting to think that he's probably going to have that thought every single time he sees Ilya from today until the last time. "It's a cock ring. Will help me not come for longer."

Shane's nose wrinkles. He wants to tell Rozanov that he fucking knows that, that he's not *so* innocent. But he's more concerned with—

“You want me to like, tell you when to come?” he asks, thoughts racing. He’s not sure he wants to do that, not when he could just disappear into the haze Ilya sends him into so often.

Ilya actually laughs this time. “No. Don’t worry. I would not make you do that. And I could not do that to myself.”

Shane worries at his bottom lip. “But it’s for, like—I thought it’s so… so you wait until you have permission.”

Then, at Rozanov’s raised brow, “What? I watch porn!”

A moment of silence.

“I’m not telling you what kind,” he rushes to add.

“I can guess,” Ilya purrs, bringing Shane’s fingers to his mouth. He takes them into mouth and bites down, then sucks until Shane melts a little, feels his entire body starting to unwind.

“It is not for permission. We would do it like that if it was for you,” Ilya says, so confident that they could, that Shane would agree to that. “But for me, it’s so I can fuck you for a long, long time.”

He pulls Shane into his arms, kisses his neck. “I know you like when I fuck you after you come.”

Shane shivers. “Will you—will you do it until I cry?” he asks in a whisper.

Ilya smiles. “Of course, baby,” he coos.

Baby, Shane thinks, a little awed.

Shane *does* cry. He cries, at first quietly and then harder, and then harder still until he’s sobbing, ugly and unappealing.

Ilya doesn’t look away from him for even a second. He whispers something in Russian while kissing him and then repeats it. He translates while kissing Shane, speaks into his mouth. Says, “Beautiful.”

Later, curled in his bed, feeling warm and well fucked, he feels sleep starting to overtake him as he waits. Then he hears his phone ping and grabs it to read Ilya’s text.

Lily: Back at hotel. Didn’t die.

Shane had been worried about the snowy roads and the awful drivers today.

Then he remembers Ilya's words from before, when Shane had been spiraling about what Ilya wanted to do this time.

"No. Don't worry," Ilya had said. Like he knew how much Shane hated —hates—the idea of being put in that position. Ilya had been confident and reassuring, soothing like he knew that Shane couldn't do it, wouldn't do it, didn't want to do it.

Shane bets Ilya wouldn't have liked it either, if they did it that way. He never does, the few times Shane has tried to throw around the same kind of bossy orders Ilya does.

Jane: Thank you

He means it for more than just the text to stop Shane's racing, worried mind.

Chicago, IL.

Another airplane window. Blurry, this time.

Shane almost feels bad for the girls Rozanov fucks. It's disrespectful, how easy Rozanov thinks it'll be to snag one.

Except it must be easy for him, if he does this every single time.

And the girls can't have much respect for themselves either if it works, Shane thinks. Most of them probably just want to fuck a hockey player or just want the validation that they're hot enough to be chosen from the hundred of girls trying to be in their place.

"We don't need that," Shane says, and then immediately regrets it because Ilya's staring at him in shock.

The image of him frozen in place, condom hovering over his rock hard dick is almost funny. Maybe later Shane will find it in himself to laugh.

"Uh," Rozanov starts to say and Shane immediately feels a jolt of shame. Fuck. He has no idea why he said that—why, even for a

second, he considered letting Rozanov fuck him bare.

“I—uh, I was just kidding,” Shane says, letting out a strangled laugh. It’s the worst lie of all time. Even if it was convincing—*yeah Ilya, we’re both hard and fucking desperate and I just begged for you to fuck me I know but I suddenly decided that the funniest prank I could pull on you right now is saying ‘Hey can you fill me with your cum’ and then saying ‘Haha, just kidding!’*—the tone is off. He doesn’t sound at all like it’s casual and chill. His laugh is too high and panicked.

Rozanov licks his lips. “Okay, yeah,” he says, willing to accept Shane’s temporary moment of insanity and just move on.

Shane wants to turn over, go onto his hands and knees so he doesn’t have to make eye contact but he’s pretty sure it’ll make his embarrassment even more obvious. They both know he was lying, but hiding right now would be an admission of it, one Shane refuses to give.

It’s bad enough that he asked Rozanov to fuck him bare. It’d be worse to admit it was an impulsive, uncontrolled ask.

Ilya pushes into him much more slowly than he usually does. It’s almost as cautious as the very first time they did this. When Shane’s life changed in a way he could never take back.

“Faster,” Shane begs, when Ilya doesn’t start moving right away, giving him those hard, fast thrusts that he likes so much. Instead, today Ilya is favouring these slow, deep grinds like he’s trying to just stay inside Shane, move without pulling out at all.

“Rozanov please,” Shane begs.

Ilya doesn’t listen. He just keeps fucking Shane like that, going deep and grinding in, and when he starts thrusting, it’s different than usual, slower by their standards.

Shane can’t stop himself from crying, eventually. It feels so fucking good, but he’s not going to be able to come like this.

“Shh,” Ilya says against his ear. “This is the best way to knock you up.”

Shane cries out. His entire body goes tight and the tears come uncontrollably. His cock twitches, leaks so much pre-cum that it’d be embarrassing, if he was capable of feeling like that right now.

“Don’t cry,” Ilya says, starting to move a little faster. “I will breed you, Hollander.”

Shane shakes his head. The words come before he can think twice. “No, I’m on the pill,” he says, gasping the words out. “I’m on the pill, you can’t knock me up. So you can—don’t worry, you can cum in me. It’ll feel good. You can’t knock me up.”

And Ilya, because he always tries to give Shane what he needs, quickly changes course. “Of course,” he says, “Yes. Yes. You are so good, you are the fucking best, yes? Letting me cum in you. It feels even better bare like this.”

He starts fucking Shane a little harder, and takes Shane in hand, gives him the friction Shane so badly needs.

“Please, I want you to make a mess in me,” Shane says. Begs.

I’m not one of the girls you fuck. I can’t get pregnant, There's no risk of me getting pregnant and not leaving you alone. You can fuck me bare. Doesn’t that make me special?

Shane doesn’t say any of that, because he can’t fucking believe he’s even thinking it.

Afterwards, Ilya stares at him a little more intently as Shane gets dressed, his hair wet from the shower. Ilya keeps a hair dryer for him now, just because he knows Shane hates the sensation of his wet hair dripping water down the back of his neck.

Shane doesn’t have time to use it right now. He needs to leave *now*.

But Ilya is determined to get something out of him, insistent like a dog with his favourite toy.

“That thing, with the condom,” Ilya starts.

“I don’t know what I was thinking,” Shane rushes out to say, no longer even trying to stick to *that* first lie about it being a joke. He has a new one he can tell now. Anything to not have to tell the truth of what fucking popped up in his head.

“You were thinking you might like the feeling,” Ilya says gently, like he’s trying not to freak Shane out just like every single time they’ve stumbled on something he likes while fucking. “It’s okay.”

Then, after a pause, when Shane doesn't say anything, he licks his lips, looks almost nervous. "I get tested often," he starts and Shane's mouth drops open at what he's implying.

"I'm not fucking letting you cum in me," Shane snarls before he can help himself.

Ilya looks a little shocked at the strong reaction and Shane feels bad about it because Ilya was just doing what he does and trying to make it good for Shane. He had no idea that Shane is apparently just losing his mind.

So Shane tries again, a little more calmly. "Sorry. What I meant was… It was a fantasy. I don't actually want it," he tries to laugh and make this all less painfully awkward. "I see the Instagram stories, Rozanov, I can guess the kind of girls you're fucking. No offense, but I don't want to risk it."

Ilya still doesn't say anything, closes his mouth and then opens it again so Shane keeps going, tries to fix this.

"I mean, not that I don't think you're clean, or anything," he rushes to explain. "It's just that sometimes stuff gets missed, you know? Like it happens. And I just don't wanna risk it, you know?"

"Right," Ilya says after another few seconds. Then, in a way that's far blunter than his usual more subtle asking Shane to leave, he says, "Pike is expecting you at the hotel, yes?"

"Yeah, yeah," Shane says, nodding. Yeah. He needs to go *now*.

He'll apologize next time when he's had time to think of a better excuse, better reasoning he can give. Once he's figured out another way to explain this that doesn't have to mean him saying the truth

I just wanted to give you something the girls you fuck can't, so that I'm special. I wanted to be a better fuck than them.

Ottawa, ON

Shane stares at his phone and feels his eyes burning. He feels like he can't breathe, for some reason.

It's the first time Shane's ever seen that location tag on Ilya's stories.

No one fucks him like Ilya Rozanov does, because no one else has ever fucked him. Shane never, ever wanted to have to find out if maybe sex is just better with Ilya because he's the only guy Shane's ever been with.

It might be time to find out, Shane thinks for a second when the handsome bartender is smiling at him.

He feels a little sick when he thinks about how he *needs* to find out.

But then Rose Landry comes into his life, sudden and unexpected.

Los Angeles, CA.

Shane thinks of that day on the couch in Ilya's house. He thinks of Ilya talking about how LA is hot, how they have hot women.

He wonders if the nausea he's feeling will be kind enough to actually give him the relief of throwing up this time.

He's in the shower, and he's got his dildo in hand. He has no fucking excuse. He brought this *in here* with him. It's not like in his bed, when he can pretend he's only grabbing it because it's on hand and next to the lube.

Shane's never actually let Ilya fuck him in here, not fully. He had spread his legs for Ilya's fingers and his mouth on his dick, but drawn the line there.

Ilya had asked one time, and then pouted but moved on when Shane said no.

The second time he'd pushed harder, had stuck to it, asking in that tone he used to get his way with Shane, a mix of cajoling and commanding. That time, Shane had snapped, had told him just how much he didn't want to have to explain to his front office how he fell and gave himself a concussion because he couldn't keep his balance while getting fucked.

"Shane Hollander, yoga master will not keep his balance because of my dick?" Ilya had asked, pulling him close but no longer pushing the

issue, rubbing his hand over Shane's back in a silent apology. "Is my dick *that* good?"

Shane had flushed, "Oh my god, shut up."

Ilya had turned him around, pulled him even close and kissed him. When they'd pulled away to breathe, he'd pressed his forehead against Shane's, said, "I'd never want to hurt you, baby."

It had been the second time Ilya had ever called him that word and Shane had jerked away, turned his back and grabbed the bottle of body wash so he had an excuse to do anything except look at Ilya. He'd tried hard to ignore the pounding of his heart and Ilya's sudden silence.

"Besides, I'm not letting you fuck me again. I literally *just* got clean," he'd said. He hoped Ilya would afford him the dignity of ignoring how his voice shook.

When Shane had finally made himself turn back and face Ilya, Ilya had a cool look on his face, blank like he didn't really want to give away anything. Sometimes Ilya got like this, stiff and straight backed, face blank. Shane hated it every time.

It's not my fucking fault that you keep throwing that shit around like I'm one of your hookups, Shane had stopped himself from saying. *Don't call me that, I'm not your baby, I'm not your anything.*

Ilya had put his hand on Shane's shoulders and pushed him down onto his knees, his grip unforgiving, but not harsh enough to make Shane's knees slam down and cause bruises.

"Press your tits together, I want to jerk off," Ilya had ordered, instead of taking Shane's mouth the way Shane had wanted, kneeling there with his mouth open stupidly, his tongue out.

In the end, he'd begged for Ilya's cock inside him anyways. It had been nearly unbearable to be there, so fucking close but not able to touch Ilya, help him get off, be of use.

Thank you, thank you, thank you he'd said when Ilya had cum on his face and fed it to him.

Montreal, QC. An airplane seat.

A text pops up from Rose, ‘Might be able to make it to the game tonight if filming wraps up early, babe!’ It says.

Underneath the banner of the notification is the seat stares back at him

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If he’d thought looking at the location tag made his heart ache, it’s nothing compared to the way it feels to watch Ilya across the flashing lights of the club, dancing with a girl.

The girl he’s with is beautiful, probably. But Shane—Shane thinks she looks slutty. Her dress is tight and short and the neck so low that it’s barely decent.

She’s a slut. A whore. Not a girl worth calling back the next day, Shane thinks, and hates himself for it.

Hates Ilya too, because he won’t have any trouble fucking her tonight. He’ll be able to get it up easily. He’ll be able to perform.

At the end of the day, he won't, no matter what he does or what he wants or how desperately he tries, be a faggot.

She’s going to get on her knees for him later, probably and Shane wants to cry while thinking about it.

Do you know how he likes it? He wants to scream. *Do you know what drives him crazy?*

Do you know to stick your tongue out so he can rub his cock all over it?

Do you know to play with his balls but only when he’s worked up enough to be leaking into your mouth?

Do you know to choke on it whether it triggers your gag reflex or not?

Do you know that he likes it when you press your face into the crease of his thigh and breathe his smell in desperately, hungrily like it’s all you want in this fucking world?

Do you even want to breathe him like he’s all you want?

Do you fucking need *to breathe him like he’s all you want?*

“Can I ask if you’ve ever been with another guy?” Rose asks, so gentle that Shane dares to wonder if maybe he deserves it.

Ilya. It’s only ever been Ilya.

Rose smiles. She’s beautiful. In another world he could have loved her how she deserves. In this one, he can’t love her how he deserves. It was a mistake, doing this to himself and to her.

He thinks one day he will have to thank her for stopping him from adding to his list of mistakes by sleeping with that bartender.

Tampa, FL

Shane checks his phone right after getting off the plane, ready for the All Star Games weekend.

The sun is shining. He misses the gloomy skies of Montreal.

“I don’t think I can keep pretending I don’t like you anymore,” he tells Ilya.

Then later, “Ilya. Please fuck me.”

They’re desperate for one another now. It’s been too long. Shane’s been touched by too many people since Ilya touched him last, because even one person is one too many. Shane doesn’t want to exist in a world now where the last person who got to have him like this is someone other than Ilya.

“Should I?” Ilya asks, low. He’s talking through clenched teeth. Like it’s painful.

His cock is pressing up against Shane’s hole. He’s wet with spit—Ilya’s spit where he directly pushed it in with one, two fingers—and nothing more. Shane knows he’s not ready.

But—“Please,” he cries, his entire body shaking with how much he needs this, needs it now, needs it so badly that it’s almost a crushing pressure on his chest. “Please, please, please.”

“You don’t even know what’s good for you,” Ilya growls, and the pressure stops. Instead, there’s the familiar feeling of Ilya’s fingers

pushing inside him, wet with lube.

“How can I trust anyone else with you?” Ilya asks. And his voice is shaking, his fingers are shaking. His entire body is trembling.

“Who even deserves this?” he asks.

“You,” Shane answers.

When Ilya folds him in half, makes him nice and small to eat him out, Shane’s reminded of what he said in French to Ilya, a lifetime ago now.

He wonders if Ilya can fold him up enough so that he can put Shane away when he’s done with him the way Shane wanted—the way he still wants.

Ilya pushes inside him and Shane feels *whole.* He feels right. He feels full.

“You deserve it,” he says, crying. “You.”

“Sweetheart,” Ilya whispers, and when he kisses Shane, both of their faces are wet. “My beautiful boy,” he says and this time, Shane hears ‘my’ more than any other word.

Ilya’s called him a beautiful boy before. He’s even called Shane ‘my beautiful boy’ before. But Shane never let himself understand what Ilya means when he says all those words together all at once.

Ilya’s first language isn’t English. When he speaks, sometimes the words come out sounding harsh, or awkward. Often, when they’re fucking, they come out perfectly vulgar.

Sometimes, Ilya gets frustrated because he doesn’t have the words for what he wants to say, what he means, what he truly hopes to get across.

But that also means that often, when he's talking seriously, he chooses his words very, very, very carefully.

That he means what he says.

‘Mine,’ Ilya says, as he fills Shane up.

Shane's concussed. He's not supposed to be looking at his phone.

He still looks, just often enough to see that the notifications Shane has on for Ilya's stories stop popping up.

Ilya's fingers are in his hole—one from each hand—and they're pulling him open.

"Look at you. Look at this fucking hole," Ilya says. "You're so loose."

Shane sobs. *It's your fault,* he wants to say. Ilya's the reason he's like this. He's been fucking Shane what feels like non-stop the last week.

"Should I put my whole hand inside?" Ilya asks.

"Whatever you want," Shane says. "You can do whatever you want."

"Why?" Ilya asks, licking over the soft rim of Shane's hole. Jesus Christ. He can tell that he's gaping a little.

The sensation is strange. So new because Ilya's never been able to stick around long enough to fuck his hole until this nice and open, until it's able to take Ilya's cock without too much of a fight. Until it's so sore and pink that Ilya insists on checking with his fingers and a critical gaze every single time before he fucks it—although Shane suspects that one in particular has more to do with how Shane squirms when he has to hold himself open than anything else.

But even that new feeling isn't enough to distract Shane from what the answer to Ilya's question is.

Why, Ilya had asked. *Why can I do whatever I want to you?*

It's so obvious to him now, so painfully true. Maybe *has* been painfully true since they were 19.

"Because I'm yours. I belong to you," Shane tells Ilya.

Ilya fucks him, shoves Shane down fully on the bed on his stomach, pressed fully down from shoulders to knees, legs only as far apart as absolutely needed so that Ilya's cock feels even bigger than normal.

"And you want that, yes?" Ilya asks. It could be a real question just as much as it is a real plea for reassurance.

“Yes,” Shane says. “You belong to me too.”

End Notes

So, alright, how are we feeling? Please let me know in the comments! If you liked it, I'd love to know! As I said, I'm currently working on a longer fic and thrive off praise.

I'm on tumblr at creamsiclemelt. If you want to chat about this fic or any of my other ones :)
I make HR graphics & gifs too. I am also an actual hockey fan so you'll find that there as well.

Some extra thoughts:

- First, I do think Ilya would totally be game to degrade Shane using those slurs but I think he just wasn't comfortable then because he could tell Shane wasn't quite healthy about it (not to say everything else they do is healthy but ya know, that's a pretty intense one!)
- Second, even with the power of Love and shit to keep them going, I dont think these fuckers are gonna practice BDSM in the most safe, sane way possible with negotiation and stuff. At least not until they're like in their 30s and actual real adults. They might have convos for some of the more intense stuff like I mentioned above but they aren't doing checklists.
- Fun fact: The concept of this story comes from An Actual Hockey Player's Bat Signals For His Hookups.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!